PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1889.

PRICE ONE CENT.

2 O'CLOCK.

ON THE GALLOWS.

John Greenwall Hanged for the Murder of Lyman S. Weeks.

The Execution in Raymond Street Jail at 7.24 This Morning.

Failure of the Condemned Man's Nerve at the Last Moment.

His Last Utterance Was a Protest of His Innocence.

Story of the Crime for Which His Life Was Forfeited.

John Greenwall, convicted of the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, was hanged at 7.24 o'clock this morning, in the Raymond Street Jail. Brooklyn. His neck was broken and he was pronounced dead in seven minutes.
At 7, 22 he turned his back on his cell in the

southern corridor and walked in the sombre procession to the gallows. The short, dumpy figure of "Joe" Atkinson

led the way. Next came Greenwall, escorted by the Catholic priests, Fathers O'Hara and Me-Namera, and lastly came Under Sheriff Taylor and his deputy. THE GHASTLY SCENE OF DEATH.

The scene was a most impressive one. The sparoows twittered up in the caves under the rs ter , and every one of the four hundred and may prisoners had his face pressed close to the re of his cell, although not one of them could eatch even a glimpre of the scene of execution. they could hear the dull sound made by the axe, though, as it severed the rope which drap ed the weight that jerked the unfortunate

man into elernity, and it caused more than one of teem to groan involuntarily. While Greenwall walked to his doom the priest chanted the Litany for the dying, and he reonded, bowing devoutly at each mention of

the name of "Jesus," under the Gallows. Arriving at the gallows, he stepped coolly to

his place under the rope, while the priests stood directly in front of him and continued their litany more rapidly. When under the g praying aloud. His reason seemed to be leaving

him. His face turned ghastly pale. His eyes twitched nervously and rolled about in his head. He pressed his lips closely together. One of the priests, seeing his fearful agitation, stepped up to him and pressed a silver crucifix to his lips. He kined it eagerly, and

when the priest made a motion to withdraw it he reached his head out after it and seemed loath to take his lips from the figure of Christ being erucified.

Meantime Atkinson was busy pinioning his less and arranging the black cap. THE ACT OF DEATH. As he was pulling the ghastly hood down on

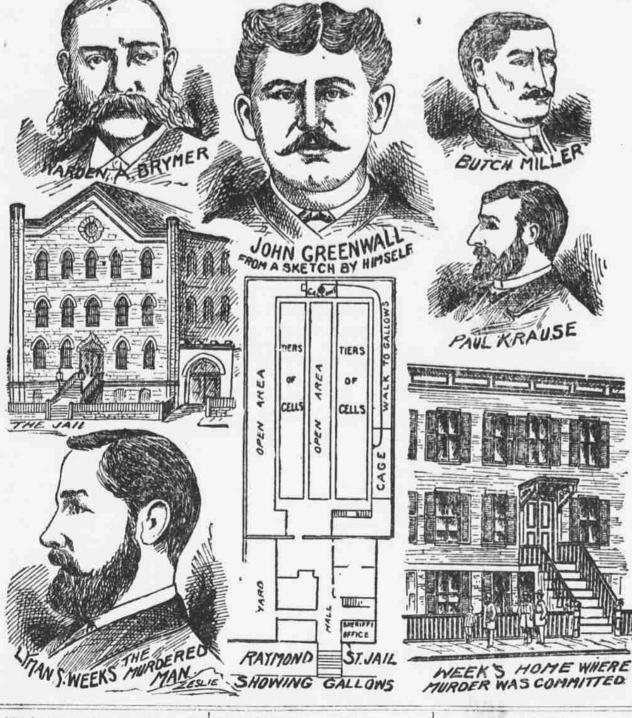
the man's face, after connecting the noose and rope, Greenwall swayed ever so slightly and might have fallen only that the sturdy little haugman grasped him firmly by the coat-collar with one hand, while he reached the other out and gave the signal of death by pounding with his chubby dist on the partition which concealed from view the weight and the man whose business it was to cut the rope.

Atkinson's knuckles sounded loud and disnet, and a second after he rapped them on the board the sound of an axe rang throughout the jail and Greenwall flew aloft.

He went up nearly to the cross-beam, and dropped like a stuffed figure thrown out of a Many of those present had never witnessed a

hanging before, and they turned away shudagain and then the muscular contortions began. The priests were on their knees on the flagged floor, in their black robes, praying loud and tarnestly. Their voices sounded hollow and far

Atkinson leaned nonehalantly against one end of the gallows, his hands behind his back, and one foot crossing the other. This is the favorite



position he assumes after successfully hanging

HIS CRIME WAS EXPIATED.

At 7.41 County Physician A. W. Smith pro-nounced Greenwall dead. He said that the unfortunate man could not have suffered a par-ticle.

About 8 o'clock the body was lowered into the coffin and taken to Undertaker Haffer's, from whence it was sent to the Holy Cross Cemetery, at Flatbush, L. I.

WAIVED THE READING OF THE WARRANT.

At 7.20 a. M. Under Sheriff Taylor and his jury went to Greenwall's cell to take him forth to execution. Taylor started to read the deathwarrant, but his heart failed him, and he said: "I gness it is not necessary to read all this." No, "replied Greenwall, "it is not necessary, I know I have to die, and that is enough; but I want to say before God I am not guity. I did not commit that murder." Every one who heard him believed him. His manner was so sincere that no one could doubt him, but the blood of Lyman S. Weeks cried out for vengeance, and the law supplied the victim.

NERVY TILL THE LAST MOMENT.

Up to the moment of his execution Greenwall displayed the most wonderful nerve.
He woke of his own accord at 4 o'clock, just as Warden Brymer was entering his cell.
'Ah. good morning, Warden. How is it?
Cold out?' he inquired, vivaciously.
'No, not very cold; but how do you feel yourself?' said the Warden.
'I never felt better in my life. I don't believe I ever cared so much for life before as I do this morning.' he added, earnestly.

He walked one into the corridor and saluted the death-watch. He peered up anxiously through one of the big iron-grated windows to get a glimpse of the sky. NEBVY TILL THE LAST MOMENT.

get a glimpse of the sky.

"It is not daylight yet, but I might as well make the most of my time now," he remarked.

After a short waik up and down the corridor he went to the improvised chapel near his cell and health present.

and knelt in prayer.

Father O'Hara reached the jail at 5 o'clock, and hurried at once to Greenwall's side. The law's victim and his spiritual adviser shook hands warmly and then knelt to pray together. HIS LAST COMMUNION.

Father O'Hara celebrated mass at 5.30 o'clock and Greenwall received his last communion. The service was finished a few minutes after 6 a. M., and then Greenwall returned to his cell to eat his breakfast of roast chicken, hot rolls, boiled eggs and coffee. It was so bitterly cold outside that Inspector McLaughin asked permission to house his policemen for a few minutes in the jail, which permission was readily granted, and about two hundred of them filed in in single file.

file.
The steady tramp, tramp of their feet as they marched awoke everybody in the jail. Greenwall heard the sound and asked what it meant. He was told, and then made a little joke, say-

wof those present had never witnessed a by force, and they turned away shud. The body swung around and back and then the muscular contortions began, briests were on their knees on the flagged in their black robes, praying loud and in their black robes, praying loud and by. Their voices sounded hollow and far the mason leaned nonchalantly against one end gallows, his hands behind his back, and sale was told, and then made a little joke, say. He was told, and then made a little joke. Supplied the properties of the made a little joke, say. He was told, and then made a little joke, say. He was told, and then made a little joke. Supplied the properties of the made a little joke. Supplied the properties of the made a little joke. Supplied the properties of the made a little joke. The properti

A COMPLACENT HANGMAN. While Greenwall's body was still swinging in

marked:
"Well, I'd ought to know my trade by this
time. Been in the business thirty years and
lever made one bungling job nor had an accident yet."
No one seemed to relish his confidences and he dent yet."

No one seemed to relish his confidences and he returned to his post beside the swinging body.

The weight used to kill Greenwall was 552 pound. pound.

The expenses of the funeral were defrayed by Lawyer Perry, who worked so nobly to save the dead man's life.

STORY OF GREENWALL'S CRIME.

Lyman S. Weeks Shot Down in His Dining-Room by a Burglar. The crime for which John Greenwall paid the

death penalty this morning was a particularly bold and heartless one. Lyman S. Weeks, a clerk, living at 1071 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, was undressing preparatory to going to bed about midnight, March 15, 1887.

Mrs. Weeks was already in bed, and she suddenly startled her husband by declaring that she heard a noise downstairs.

Mr. Weeks laughed at her fears, but to reassure her started downstairs to see that everything was all right.
His wife followed him to the head of the

stairs.

She heard him strike a match in the parlor and light the gas. Then she heard him pass to the dining-room.

Her courage was returning now as she heard no sound, but suddenly there came one sharp crack of a nustoil.

no sound, but suddenly there came one sharp crack of a pistol.

Mrs. Weeks rushed to the front window and shouted for heln. While she screamed she saw a man walk quietly out of the basement, with a soft hat slouched over his face suit a light overcost across his arm. She recognized the coat as one of her husband's that had been hanging in the hall, and shouted louder than before.

People came rushing out of the houses near

People came rushing out of the houses near by, but before any of them reached the spot the man had turned into a vacant lot half a block away and disappeared.

Her neighbors found the basement door wide open. The gas in the dining-room was burning brightly. They trooped in just as Mrs. Weeks came running downstairs, and there, in the dining-room, stretched on his back. Mr. Weeks lay, his eyes closed and blood staining his white shirt front.

As his wife stooped over him, he opened his

his wife stooped over him, he opened his As his wife stooped over him, he opened his eyes for one fleeting second, tried to speak, but could not, and died immediately after.

The police, upon investigating the crime, had little difficulty in explaining just how the murder occurred, but who the murderer was they had not the fleets tides. Burgiars had broken into the Weeks house.

Entrance had been effected by smashing a pane of glass in the basement window; then the burgiar slipped his hand in and unlocked the door.

door.

Mayor Whitney offered a reward of \$2,500 for the apprehension of the murderer, but it remained for Inspector Byrnes to strike the right One night the residence of Banker E. F. C.

the air Atkinson strode up in his fussy way to a group of newspaper men and said.

"He went off nearly as good as Carlton. I let him go quick. Well done, wasn't it?"

Some one said "Yes," and then "Joe" remarked; by Byrnes's men as the robbers. They were locked up at Police Headquarters, in this when examined by the Inspector they denied all knowledge of the crime themselves, but said it had been committed by John Greenwall, of 53 Bowery. Byrnes's men at once gathered

nim in.

A hat he wore was identified as one belonging of Mr. Young, and he also had the nawn-ticket or pistol in his pocket. The pistol was Mr. loung's also. Young's also.

Greenwall said he had pawed the pistol, but that it had been given him. Then he was told that Kranse and Becker, his 'pale," had 'giren him away." Theretnon he confessed and said that they did the 'job' alone, and nearly proved it. He admitted having worked with Krause, Becker, Charles, alias 'Butch' Miller, and 'a kid' named Fred Christian, in various burgiaries, but claimed entire innocence of the Young robbers.

In return Krause and Becker swore that it was he who had killed Lyman S. Weeks, and so the story came out. ame but.

Becker and Christian were arrested. Green-wall was tried twice, and each time convicted, principally on the testimony of Krause, Becker and Christian, and partly through strong cir-cumstantial evidence.

Mrs. Weeks identified him as the man she had seen leaving her house, and other reputable citizens to tilled to seeing him lovering in the vicinity of Mr. Weeks's house on the night of the murder.

murder.
This latter fact he did not deny, but claimed that he was the victim of a conspiracy hatched up by Krause and Becker, and in turn accused Krause of being the murderer.
Becently, a female detective undertook to clear him, and furnished Tur Wonlo with affidavits and statements which, if true, would tend to show that Krause and not he was the real murderer.

tend to show that Krause and not he was the real murderer.

Greenwall swore that the gang had planned to commit a burglary that night, but that Krause became intoxicated and Greenwall left them.

Greenwall swore that he subsequently learned that after the parted in Brooklyn, Krause went to Mr. Weeks a house with Becker and "The Kid." Krouse and Breker went in, and "The Kid." Krouse and Breker went in, and "The Kid." Remained on the lookont.

Mr. Weeks appeared and Krause shot him. This story was confirmed by "The Kid" and Miller, but as it was in direct contradiction to their sworn testimony on the trial it did not have much effect and executive interference was

have much effect and executive interference was refused.

Krause is now doing eight years in fail for robbery in Balt-more; Miller is doing ten years, with a prospect of ten more, in Trenton (N. J.) Prison; "The Kult" is in the Raymond Street Jail; Becker is at large and was recently shot, but not fafally.

The police keep him under constant surveillance.

lance.

Mrs. Weeks, a prematurely aged woman, is living with friends in Bridgeport.

Greenwall is dead. His right name was John Theodore Wild, and he has wealthy relatives in

Germany. Have You Tried Mott's Ciders? Free sample bottle from your grozer, or write for eacriptive price-list, 118 Warren st. *.*

Young & Smylle's "Acme? Licorice Pelleta pronounced invaluable by users. Ask your druggist."." PHENOMENAL cures of chest, liver, kidney and rheu-matic troubles by Dis. Scott's Electric Plasten. *.*

LEW HAS SKIPPED. CAMPBELL IN TOWN

The Doors of Dockstader's Theatre Ohio's Handsome Governor-Elect Quar-Closed to the Public.

on His Ultimate Downfall.

Heavily in Debt, and Many Salaries Unpaid.

Dockstader's Theatre was closed as tight as a drum this morning, and the familiar haunts of the genial Lew knew him no more. Neither could any member of the company be found, and the news was heralded among professionals The theatre was closed last night and the fol-

lowing notice was coosed fast night and the fol-lowing notice was pasted on the door; SPECIAL NOTICE. On account of the sudden illness of Mr. Lew Dock-slader there will be no performance at this theatre to-night.

But this was but a thin disguise for the real

reason why no performance was given. For a long time it has been known that Dockstader was in debt and losing money every week. There were several judgments against him, and for failing to appear recently in supplementary proceedings to give a statement of his financial condition, he was adjudged in contempt.

Realizing that he could not hope to recoup his losses by continuing in the minstrel business he resolved to give comic opera.

This was his last resort, and to put "The Tallapooa" on the stage he sunk all that remained, together with some money belonging to his wife.

The piece was a flat failure on Tuesday night. The piece was a flat failure on Theaday night, and vesterday he seemed to be broken-hearted. He paid his bill at the Sturtevant House, after which he left, supposably for Philadelphia. He telegraphed that he would make salaries good in a few days.

In spite of his adversities Dockstader has always lived up to his agreements as far as possible, and on this account he bears a good name with the people whom he owes.

Mr. Henry Gilsey, the owner of the theatre, was seen this morning.

with the people whom he owes.

Mr. Henry (alsey, the owner of the theatre, was seen this morning.

"It would not be fair to tell the present conditions of my business connection with Mr. Dockstader," said he.

"I will say, however, that he is honest and straightforward, and has always kept his agreements with me as far as it was possible.

"I am very sorry he has gone under, and if he had remained he would not have been troubled about the rent any more than was absolutely necessary. I sincerely hope he will come out of his trouble all right."

Mr. Barry Maxwell, one of the unfortunate man's closest associates, says he is sure Dockstader will settle his debts.

"He is the soul of honor," said Mr. Maxwell this morning, "and I happen to know that he has deprived himself many a t me in order to pay the salaries of his company."

Another story told is to the effect that Dockstader recently pawned his beautiful gold watch in order to pay his stage hands.

It was hinted to-day that he had skipped to New Jersey to escape the Sherid, but at the Sturteyant House and other resorts it was said he had gone to Philadelphia on the 3.30 o clock train yesterday afternoon.

Dockstader had hoped great things from the innovation he infroduced Tuesday night in the shape of his comic opers. "Tallapposs." Said he, the day before the production: "I have got to do something to get at the people. They won't have the minstre! show." So he engaged a good cast, and was even prepared to engage a better.

He wanted Miss Lizzie St. Quentin, a very

a good cast, and was even prepared to engage a better.

He wanted Miss Lizzie St. Quentin, a very high-priced "artist," but she was not in the country. Then he aimed at Mw. Padelford, but she is going with Dizey. So he did the best he could. In fact, he staked his all upon "The Tallapoora."

It was a failure. Poor Dockstader himself was painfully nervons, and thinks seemed to go wrong. The orchestra was very bad and people left the theatre in dozens even before the opera was brought to a cless.

was brought to a cleae.

Wednesday morning Dockstader looked very sad. Ferhaps this was the effect of his lost mustache; perhaps it was due to genuine distress. "I wish I were off for Canada." he said

mistache; perhaps it was due to genuine distress. "I wish I were off for Canada." he said to a friend.

For a long time Dockstader's affairs have been in a bad condition. He has a large company and an expensive one. It is said that he has been mable to get rid of superfluous memblers for the simple reason that he could not pay the arrears of salary that he owed to these people.

He was saddled with them and could only hope for better times.

Dockstader is very persevering and undaunted, but nobody who saw him preparing for "The Tallapoosa" and knew what that production meant to him will be surprised to hear that the theatre was closed last night.

His Cold Is Not in His Heart. Police Capt. Reilly has been in dry-dock for repairs ever since the Yale-Princeton football match. On the evening of that day the college

boys spread themselves all over the Tenderloin Precinct, and Capt. Rellly tramped around for four hours wearing citizen's clothing, and with only a thin top coat to protect him from the keen night air. An inflammatory cold was the result, and ever since Sergt. Schmittberger has been at the helm. But Capt. Reilly isn't too ill to take an interest in the Christmas pieparations which The Womin is organizing for all the little children of the poor.

When he heard that a hall was needed in his precinct for one of the "tree parties," he communicated at once with Sergt. Schmittberger, and, owing to the kind efforts of these officers, the large assembly momen of the Sairation Army Headquarters, at Seventh avenue and Thirty-infth street, have been generously given free of charge for the children's featival on Christmas morning. boys spread themselves all over the Tenderloin

Death of John J. Townsend John J. Townsend, President of the Union

Club, who was taken ill with pneumonia on the steamer Etruria, while returning from Europe. steamer Etrara, while reinfraing from Europe, dief at his residence, on Fifth avenue last night. He was born in this city in 1825 and graduated from Columbia College in 1841. He represented the Fifteenth District in the Legis-lature during the sessions of 1850 and 1851. The funeral will take place from Trinity Church at 12. M. to-morrow.

Colgate's Perfumes, Gold Medal, Parls. Make holiday gifts of only the best perfumes

tered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"The Tallapoosa's" Failure Hurried He Wants Congress to Investigate the Ballot-Box Forgery.

> Mysteriously Silent on Gov. Foraker's Connection With It.

Governor-clect James E. Campbell, of Ohio, and Mrs. Campbell, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, having come to New York to visit their daughter, who is at Miss Thompson's school in East Fifty-seventh street, and incidentally to isit Kingston, where their boy is attending the

scholl of Dr. Cross.
An Evening World reporter saw Gov. Campbell this morning. He is a handsome, keen-eyed man, with iron gray hair and mustache.

The reporter asked his views on the celebrated R. G. Wood forgery of his name and those of Senator Sherman, Congressmen Butterworth, McKinley and Cox to a certificate of stock in the Hall and Wood Ballot-Box Company, which was intended to defeat Campbell for Governor.

Gov. Campbell replied: "My opinion is that it is the duty of Congress, for the credit of the representative branches of our Government, to appoint a joint committee and sift the whole matter to the bottom.

"An eminent member of the Senate and two members of the present Congress are accused by that paper. Murat Halstead's Commercial Gazette keeps caling out every day, Where is the real document? implying that the Wood paper is not entirely a forgery, but only a counterloit of a real paper hearing the signatures of these Congressmen, this Senator and myself. I am getting sick of it. I may say "we are getting sich of it." No Iar as my alleged signatures are concerned I pronounce it a forgery. Messrs. Sherman, Butterworth and Mckinley would be derelict in their duty and their dignity if they did not delivand a thorough investigation at the hands of his lawyers, autograph letters and other papers which clearly implicate a very prominent Republican in the forgery, and it is hinted that Joseph Benson Foraker, who alone could benefit by the thing, is that man. What do you say to that?" asked the reporter.

Gov. Campbell smilled as he replied: "Now you press me too far. The papers, I am told by undoubled authority, shows the imprint of all the signatures, indicating that all were written at the same time and the paper was folded immediately after.

"The forgery was a clumay one. My alleged signature appears three times and each is exactly like the other, as if traced from the same autograph. Senator Sherman's name appears twice and they are exactly alike.

"I will say this; If. G. Wood could never have concocked the scheme alone. Some one with better brains than his was back of it, and he was the tool. I cannot go farther and say whom I suspect. Wood had The reporter asked his views on the celebrated R. G. Wood forgery of his name and those of Senator Sherman, Congressmen Butterworth,

was criminal libel, only a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment in the penitentiary.

'And if some one else is back of it?'

'Then that some one else is guilty of the same offerse, or of conspiring to commit the same misdemeanor, which is, of course, a misdemeanor, punishable in the same way.'

'To return to the main question,' beran the reporter. 'It would appear that Foraker alone was to benefit by the foistering of that forgery into the campaign. He might gain against you in the campasign. He sold that so it is not that so?'

'Now you New York men can look into the philosophy of the thing as well as those of Ohio, I will offer no philosophical conclusions. You must excuse me. Mrs. Campbell is waiting for me to go shopping with her.

And Ohio's handsome Governor bowed his adiens and ascended to his room. He and his wife will return to their home at Hamilton tomorrow, the death of a relative hastening their return.

MORE ENGLISH MILLIONS COMING.

A Company With \$100,000,000 to Promote New Railroad Enterprises.

capitalists to promote railway enterprises in the

The plan as published is for the formation of a company with \$100,000,000 capital to provide in ancial backing for new railways. It will be what is technically known as a financiering company, acting upon distinctly English principles, though to be managed in America by Americans.

Hailroad building is practically at a standstill

ligitroad building is practically at a standard in this country, the policy of capitalists here having tended to discourage new enterprises and to build up those already in existence.

An idea of the magnitude of the projected factor in American finance may be gained from the fact that its capital is four times greater than that of all the great trust companies of New York.

Herder Lodge's inaugural Ball. Herder Lodge No. 381, Ancient Order of United Workmen, held its inaugural ball in April, 1865, and to the other, Jefferson Wednesday evening, at Wendel's Assembly Hooms, West Fourty-fourth street. It was a great social and financial success. The lodge was instituted last January, and has over 300 members. A. Arns is Master Workman.

2 O'CLOCK.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Great Leader of the "Lost Cause" Passes Away.

He Died at New Orleans at 12.45 O'Clock this Morning.

His Career and the Great | Events of the Country's Stormy Period.

SEPPCIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. New ORLEANS, Dec. 6. - After a weary illness of several weeks, during which strength and hope alternated fitfully with weakness and lespair. Jefferson Davis has passed into rest. He died three-quarters of an hour after mid-

For the three days previous he had seemed to be improving steadily, but yesterday afternoon he was thrown back by a chill and fever, and he doctors made the prediction, which was sadly verified, that he would not live the night

Mr. Davis died at the residence of his life-long friend, J. U. Payne.

The sufferer had not always shared in the hopeful views of those about him as to his im-provement, but felt so much better yesterday morning that he had to admit the change him-self, and made a jocular remark to Mr. Payne about being compelled to agree with his doctors.

The chill which again prostrated him followed

this hopeful day, coming on at 6 o'clock, scarcely two hours after Mrs. Davis had sent to her husband's friends cheering reports of his condition. From the time of this attack until the minute when he passed away Mr. Davis's sinking, though gradual, was plainly perceptible and

The long sickness had so weakened his vital forces that he could not again recuperate, even temporarily.

The last words of the venerable sufferer were spoken shortly after 7 o'clock, more than five hours before his death. They came in response to his wife's gentle

arging that he take the dose of medicine left for im by his physician. He had swallowed a portion of it, but waved

he rest gently away. "Pray excuse me," he whispered, as Mra.
Davis continued her gentle pleading.
Then as the minutes passed into hours, he lay
quietly on his bed clasping and tenderly caress-

ng, from time to time. the hand of his wife. There was no longer hope. Nothing was left but waiting for the Presence so near at hand. By 10.30 o'clock the tide of life had sunk so

low that messengers were hurriedly sent to call those whose places were in the chamber which death was about to enter. An hour later all who could be there were

gathered at the bedside of the dying man.

These persons included, besides the faithful wife, whose hand was still clasped in that of her husband, Doctors Chaille and Bickham, Asso Smith, who is the grandniece of Mr. Davis:

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Farrar. When the end came the passing away was as gentle as the falling into sleep of a tired child. Mr. Davis's right cheek lay upon his open

palm. He had released his wife's hand and his own left hand lay over his breast.

The wife bent over the bedside to catch the last faint breath of the dying dear one, and when it same and passed and she realized that there was no longer any call for the tender care and wifely solicitude so constantly exercised in the weeks of her husband's illness her forced composure gave way and she was utterly prostrated.

To her, then, was devoted the care of the physicians who had first sorrowfully watched announcement of a gigantic move of English the adverse issue of their brave struggle against This morning Mrs. Davis was resting quietly.

while her husband lay in his death chamber, his face caim and, though worn by his long illness, showing severely a trace of the suffering which had at times been his.

The physicians ascribe the fatal termination of their patient's illness to a sudden return of the malarial affections which, with a bronchial complication, had formed the basis of his illness.

ness.

This shock was too much for a nature already weakened by age and previous sickness. Jefferson Davis's Career. The Great Leader of the "Lost Cause" has passed into the eternal keeping of that History

where the "Lost Cause" itself passed a quarter of a century ago. To the one the end came under the blossoming apple trees at Appomattex, Davis. at 12,45 o'clockt, is morning. This event is the postscript to the tragic story of the Civil War. As long as Mr. Davis lived,

whatever he said and whatever he did became.

Bly Guessing

One Guesa to a Coupon and One Coupon In Each SUNDAY WORLD.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

URDER YOUR SUNDAY WORLDS

of Your Newsdealer IN ADVANCE THAT FREE TRIP TO EUROF
It will be given for the Best Estimate of the Exact Time of Miss Bly's Globe-Girdling





One Guess to a Coupon and One Coupon in Each SUNDAY WORLD.

A HINT TO ALL GUESSERS.

ORDER YOUR SUNDAY WORLDS of Your Newsdealer

IN ADVANCE.